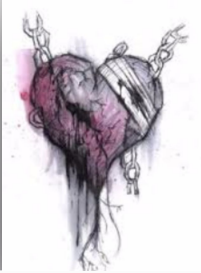




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Compassion



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Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

Compassion. A word many people use to describe feelings toward another. But me I hate the word.

I believed I loved someone once, she died in my arms, and I never loved again.

But then again I'm the one who killed her. I was the one who didn't stop the thief from taking her. I stood there, and watched as he killed her.

It changed me. After the incident I started to feel a thirst.

I thought if I found and killed the thief the thirst would go, that I would be able to live the rest of my life out in peace and maybe even be able to love again. But I was wrong. The thirst didn't go away, it got stronger. Now I stand here watching my fourth victim bleed to her death.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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